In Recital

CHARLENE LEHR, soprano

and

CARMEN WIART, soprano

assisted by

LORETTA DUECK, piano

Wednesday, April 5, 1989 at 5:00 p.m.

From Gloria (1708) — Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741)
- Laudamus Te

Charlene Lehr and Carmen Wiart

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
- Fussreise (A Walk) (1888)
- Gebet (A Prayer) (1888)
- Elfenlied (Song of the Elf) (1888)

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)
- L'Invitation Au Voyage (1870)
- Lamento (1883)
- Chanson Triste (1868)

From Biblical Songs, Op. 99, Book 1 (1894) — Antonin Dvořák (1841-1904)
(English version by Humphrey & Proctor Gregg)
- Clouds and Darkness (Psalm 97)
- Give Ear, O God, Unto My Prayer (Psalm 55)
- By the Still Waters of Babylon (Psalm 137)

Charlene Lehr, soprano

INTERMISSION

From the Hermit Songs, Op. 29 (1952-1953) — Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
- At St. Patrick's Purgatory
- St. Ita's Vision
- The Crucifixion
- Sea-Snatch
- The Monk and his Cat

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
- Morgen (1894)
- Traum Durch Die Dämmerung (1895)
- Zueignung (1940)

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
- C (1943)
- Fêtes Galantes (1943)

Carmen Wiart, soprano

From Godspell (1971) — Stephen Schwartz
- All for the Best

Charlene Lehr and Carmen Wiart

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

Department of Music
University of Alberta

TRANSLATIONS

Laudamus Te - We Praise Thee

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we adore Thee,
We glorify Thee.

Fussreise - A Walk

When with my new-cut walking staff
forth I saunter early
over hill and valley,
through woods lies my path:

Then, like birds in their arbor
sing with secret thrill,
or as grapes of golden color wondrous rapture feel,
when the morning sun appeareth;

Thus my in-most soul doth waken
is feverish longing shaken
in the springtime, in the autumn,
strains of paradise he heareth.

So art though not quite so bad
o soul called sinful, as the teachers stern
would have it;
still dost love and still dost sing
and with praise thy voice doth sing'
as when first the great world was created,
for thy dear creator and thy Keeper.

If he would but grant me
that my whole life might be,
Full of effort gently tiring,
such a perfect morning wandering.

Gebet - Prayer

Lord, send what though deem'st best-
be it joy or grieving;

I wait Thy will, betrieving,
that both Thy love attest.

Not without measure give sadness or pleasure,
all merciful father.

For midway rather, for midway rather
lies heart's ease pure treasure.

Elfenlied - Song of the Elf

"Eleven o'clock" the watchman cries "hear me!"
Asleep in the woods quite a wee elf lies-
in the fright upstarts he!

He knew not whence that loud sound came,
he thought the nightingale called his name, or that
Silpelit might have required him.

The little elf then rubs his eyes
and from his couch he doth rise,
he goes about quite drunk with sleep
and hardly can his balance keep,
he wanders softly on tip-toe
though brushwood to the vale below,
then gently to a wall he creeps
and at the glow-worms there he peeps.

"Their windows shines so clear and bright,
it seems a wedding's there tonight:
I hear the children are singing
with mirth their voices ringing.
If I look in what harm is done?"

Elfenlied (Cont.)
Oh! his poor head did strike a stone!
Poor elf, say, will that now do?
Cuckoo! poor elf,
say will that now do!
Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!

L'Invitation au Voyage

My child, my sister,
Think how sweet it would be
To go down there, to live together
To love free from care,
To love and to die
In the land that resembles you!
The moist suns
Of these misty skies,
To my mind have the charm,
So mysterious,
Of your treacherous eyes,
Sparkling, through their tears
There, everything is order and beauty,
Luxury, calm and pleasure!
See on these canals
The sleeping boats
That capriciously like to roam;
Tis to satisfy
Your slightest wish
They have come from the ends of the world.
The setting suns
Again clothe the fields,
The canals, the whole town,
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light!
There everything is order and beauty,
Luxury, calm and pleasure!

Lamento

Do yo know the white tomb
Where with a plaintive sound floats
The shadow of a yew-tree?
On the yew-tree a pale dove
Sad and alone in the setting sun,
Sings its song.
One would say that the awakened soul
Weeps under the earth in unison
With the song
And of the misfortunes of having been forgotten
Very softly.
Oh! never more near the tomb
Shall I go, when evening descends
With its dark mantle,
To hear the pale dove
Sing, on the branch of the yew-tree,
Its plaintive song!

Chanson Triste!

In your heart there sleeps a moonlight,
A soft moonlight of summer.
And to escape this troublesome life
I shall drown myself in your light.
I shall forget the pass sorrows, my love,
When you will cradle my sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving stillness of your arms!
You will let my wounded head,
Oh! sometimes rest on your knees,
And you will recite a ballad
That will seem to speak of us,
And in your eyes filled with sadness.
In your eyes then I shall drink
So many kisses and tender caresses
That perhaps I shall recover.

BIBLICAL SONGS

Clouds and Darkness

Clouds and darkness are spread round about him,
Righteousness and judgement his throne upholding.

There shall go fire before him,
Burning up his enemies all round about him.

His lightening giveth all the world its glory'
Earth saw and trembled:
Ocean turned backward at his word.

Hills melted like wax before his presence
Who is the lord of earth and heaven:
Who is the lord of all peoples?

The heavens declare his righteousness
and the earth, his glory.

Give ear, O God, unto my Prayer

Hear, O God, give ear unto my prayer:
And hide not thyself away from my voice.

Bow thine ear, and turn to me.
In my misery, broken with grief, to thee, Lord, I cry!

Sore distress came upon me, and dread of death:
Fearfulness and trembling, and horror fell upon me there:

And I said:
"O for the wings of the gentle dove,
That I might fly away and be at rest!

Lo, then would I fly afar off:
and make the wilderness my home!

I would escape: Far would I fly
from the stormy wind and tempest!"

By the Still Waters of Babylon

By the stills waters of Babylon
We sat together and wept,
Thee remembering, O Zion.

As for our harps, we hanged them up,
Upon the trees there at hand.

For they that had led us captive there.
Ordered a song of us:
Called in our heaviness, for a song of joy.

"Sing for us now
One of the songs of Zion!"

But he answered them thus:

"How then could her people sing for you
Songs of God, the lord of Hosts, Captive,
In a strange Land?"

If I should forget thee O Jerusalem,
O, Jerusalem, forget thee?

Then by my right hand
Let all her cunning be forgotten!

HERMIT SONGS

St. Patrick's Purgatory

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!
O King of the churches and the bells
bewailing your sores and your wounds.
But not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!
Not moisten an eye after so much sin!
Pity me, O King!
What shall I do with a heart that seeks only its own ease?
O, only begotten Son by whom all men were made,
Who shunned not the death by three wounds,
pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg, and I with a heart
not softer than a stone!

St. Ita's Vision

"I will take nothing from my Lord," said she, "unless He gives me His Son from Heaven. In the form of a Baby, that I may nurse Him." So that Christ came down to her in the form of a Baby, and then she said: "Infant Jesus at my breast, nothing in this world is true. Save, O tiny nursling you. Infant Jesus, at my breast, by my heart every night. You I nurse are not a churl but were begot on Mary the Jewess by Heaven's Light. Infant Jesus, at my breast, what king is there but you who could give everlasting Good? Wherefor I give my food. Sing to Him maidens, sing your best. There is none that has such right, to your song as Heaven's King. Who every night is Infant Jesus at my breast, at my breast."

The Crucifixion

At the cry of the first bird, they began to crucify Thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.
Ah, sore was the suff'ring borne by the body of Mary's Son,
But sorer still to Him was the grief which for His sake,
Came upon his Mother.

Sea-Snatch

It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven;
The wind has consumed us, swallowed us, as timber is devoured by
crimson fire from Heaven.
It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven.

The Monk and His Cat

Pangur, while Pangur, how happy we are.
Alone together, scholar and cat.
Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting, for me study.
Your shining eye watches the wall;
my feeble eye is fixed on a book.
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.
Pleased with his own art, neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever without tedium and envy.
Pangur, white Pangur, how happy we are.

Morgen - Tomorrow

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
and on the path that I will follow,
it shall again unite us, happy ones,
upon this sun-breathing earth...

And to the wide shore, with its blue waves,
we will quietly and slowly descend,
speechless we shall look into each other's eyes,
and upon us will descend the muted silence of
happiness...

Traum Durch Die Dämmerung - Dream at Twilight

Wide meadows in the gray of twilight;
The sun has set, the stars appear,-
now I go, making my way to the most beautiful woman,
far through the meadow in the gray of twilight,
deep into the bushes of jasmine,
through the gray twilight of love's land,
I go, slowly, without haste;
I am being drawn by a soft, velvet hand,
through the gray of twilight's land
into the gentle blue light.

Zueignung - Devotion

Ah, you know it, dear soul,
That, far from you, I languish,
Love causes hearts to ache,-
To you my thanks!

Once, drinking to freedom,
I raise the amethyst cup,
And you blessed the drink,-
To you my thanks!

You exorcised the evil spirits in it,
So that I, as never before,
Cleansed and freed, sank upon your breast,
To you my thanks!

TWO POEMS

C

I have crossed the bridges of Cé
it is there that it all began
a song of bygone days
tells of a wounded knight
of a rose on the carriage-way
and un unlaced bodice
of the castle of a mad duke
and swans on the moats

of the meadow where comes dancing
an eternal betrothed
and I drink like iced milk
the long lay of false glories

the Loire carries my thoughts away
with the overturned cars
and the unprimed weapons
and the ill-dried tears

O my France O my forsaken France
I have crossed the bridges of Cé

Fetes galantes

You see fops on bicycles
You see pimps on hooped petticoats
You see brats with veil
You see firemen burning their pompons

You see word thrown on the rubbish heap
You see words extolled to the skies
You see the feet of Mary's children
You see the backs of cabaret singers

You see motor cars run on gasogene
You see also handcarts
You see wily fellows whose long noses hinder them
You see fools of the first water

You see what you see elsewhere
You see girls who are led astray
You see gutter-snips you see perverts
You see drowned folk floating under the bridges.

You see out-of-work shoemakers
You see egg candlers bored to death
You see true values in jeopardy
And life whirling in a slap-dash way.